

SAFETY

BY

POSS

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FRIDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

Price Sixty A Cent. In Advance. Whole Number Fifteen.

Henry Peterson. President.
Belle Z. Spencer. Vice-President.

THE LAST FROM ABROAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

I
You remember dear cousin, my clandestine marriage,
How I tricked you and me, and one fine summer day
Made off in a hasty—'twas none of the pleasant—
With the foreign attack, the Count La Rose. Alas! my four counts, a thousand wild dances Arise in the brain of a girl of my age, When she sees herself followed and finds her self courted
By a handsome young fellow who's really the rage.
But you wonder now, as they say in dear Paris, The Count is a most unaccountable man; In mirth and glee I weep for my folly, Though he dances the German as no one else can.

II.

You remember Miss Millington, how she admired him;
And gladly consented at once, it is said; But her step was averse, and she turned the cold shoulder
When the poor attack had resolved to be wed.
Now would you believe, dear, that when he discovered, I was not as rich as he seemed to suppose, He began to ill-treat me, and one day he told me
A marriage was nothing, made "under the rose."
But my poor Cousin Ned, whom I jilted, dear creature, "Came down" on the Count, shook his fist at his nose;
I thought he would ruin that beautiful feature, For he seemed to be trying to bring him to blows.

III.

Now it really seems odd, for, my dear, you remember
How the Count used to talk of the duels he'd had?
That he should have looked cowed and averse altogether,
To excusing my cousin or making him mad. He professed to ignore altogether his meaning:
Declared that he never had said he was free; And just as I thought that Ned meant to attack him,
He turned and referred the whole matter to me.
Now what could I say? I had summoned my cousin,
Who happened to be on his tour at the time. Ned smiled, and with evident sarcasm speaking, Said: "Independence sometimes is almost sublime."

IV.

Now should you not think that a terrible duel Would have followed on language so horrid as that;
Or that he'd have said something cross to my cousin,
Or made his eyes blacker, or knocked off his hat?
I sat on the sofa and trembled all over, So certain was I that he'd do something rash; But Ned, whom I saw at the close of the evening,
Said: "Cousin, for your sake, I've lent him some cash."
For alas! it was true, he is quite out of pocket, And had thought to retrieve by his marriage of course;
His diamond studs even are false as his heart is, And he sights me without the least sign of remorse.

V.

I think, it is shocking, but really I think so, He'd see me abscond with that angel from Spain;
For when I remarked I had left off my flirting, He simply observed: "C'est n'm rous pas le printemps."
Ned came with us kindly to Paris and London, I was dying to see the bon mond, as you know, And expected to conquer dukes, barons and princesses,
And make a sensation wherever I go.
But the principal part of my husband's acquaintance, I am sorry to say, are but gamblers at best; Their means of existence are quite an enigma, Though I really must own, they are always well-dressed.

10 years of much merriment, but a

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

October 18, 1885.

old, pitiful, wistful, and heart-broken; so here I babbled on.

The audience made many a brief murmur, and when they were gone I took up my typewriter.

CHAPTER II.

When we were meeting about the old times, an old man had come, a friend of mine, in my boyhood, and he had remained a number of years in the old days of Lancaster, asked me many questions about Mrs. Moore, and Little's death, my father and mother and brothers; my marriage, and the different friends whom we had both known. And while she talked my old consciousness came back.

I recalled the first letter she had written me after leaving school, and asked her, with a little touch of humor, how it happened that she had not thought about Dr. Stanton.

A wave of pain crossed the dark, beautiful face, and her voice sounded hard and unnatural "What?"

"I don't care to know anything about him."

"Why, Esther?" I asked in no little surprise.

"You thought that he and I were good friends, didn't you, Louise? We were once, but that was long ago, and I am trying to forget that now."

I thought I could understand how—that—in the brilliant, artificial life—she had led for the past two years, she had learned to conceive her husband rather than her heart; and, prompted by pride, was tempting true love under her feet. I had many pleasant recollections of Dr. Stanton. He was my husband's friend, and my own as well; and the way in which she spoke of him half anguished me. Her words seemed to me like a night cast upon the country I had so recently left. So it was that my voice was a little cold and bitter in its tone as I said:

"You are a grand lady now, Esther—praised and followed by princes and dukes, and it is not strange, I suppose, that you should look down upon a simple citizen of the United States."

"You forgot that my father is a simple citizen of the United States," she replied, throwing her head back proudly. "No, no, Louise, you wrong me there. To me there is no land like America—no people like my own countrymen—and I am going home to be married. Louise wants to have the ceremony performed here, but I have set my heart on seeing Fairview first."

"Is he to be your husband, Esther?"

"Yes. Papa wishes it; and as far as I am concerned, it doesn't matter much. Louis is my kinsman, though a distant one, and I think I can live as pleasantly with him as with any one."

There was no light or warmth in her face. She spoke of her marriage indifferently, as if it were the most ordinary affair in the world. It was evident enough that she had no especial affection for the man whatever. To me this state of things seemed dreadful, and there was real distress at my heart, if not in my voice, as I said, hardly thinking what it was that I was saying:

"Oh! Esther, what is it that has changed you so?"

Again that spasm of pain crossed her face, connecting itself in some way, in my mind, with thoughts of Dr. Stanton, and I asked again—a little abruptly, I'm afraid:

"Esther, what has Dr. Stanton done to offend you, that you speak of him in the way you did?"

She was white now—white to the lips—but she answered my question—that question which I had no right to put—with her next words I began to see how cruelly I had misjudged her.

"Willard Stanton has not 'offended' me in the sense you mean, but he robbed me of all faith and trust. He caused me the greatest sorrow of my life."

She paused.

"Do you love your husband, Louise?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"With all your heart?"

"With all my heart."

"You cannot care more for him than I cared for Willard Stanton, yet he proved to be unworthy the regard of any honorable woman."

"Esther! Esther! There must have been some dreadful mistake!" I ejaculated in pain and astonishment.

"No—there was no mistake. Would to God there had been! The proof was clear and convincing. I could not doubt the evidence of my own senses."

"I cannot understand at all," I replied, hardly knowing what to think, only feeling sure of one thing, and that was that there was a mistake somewhere, if one could only find where it was. There was nothing equivocal or untruthful about this woman; her word was good as gold, and I could not believe that Willard Stanton was such a man as she thought him.

"I cannot understand at all."

"No; you cannot understand until I begin at the beginning. You remember that accident I wrote you about when papa was thrown from the carriage? Dr. Stanton attended him. He was a skillful physician, as you know, and papa liked and trusted him more than any man who ever came to the house—not even excepting Louis."

"You remember his way with women—gentle and courteous always, whether he was speaking to a servant or the President's wife. To me he seemed different from all other men—better, and I learned to watch for his coming, to listen for his step in the hall, to be sorry when he went away, and look forward to the time when he was to come again."

"He was a man, and, having eyes, could not help seeing these tokens of preference, I suppose, though I never guessed what the signs meant. But one day I was helped to a view of my own heart."

"Papa's library was a very large and fine one, and Dr. Stanton had a standing invitation to spend as much time as he chose in it."

"I happened to go into this room one day, not knowing that the doctor was there, or that he was in the house at all. He was absorbed in his book, and in a spirit of mischief I stole up behind his chair, and putting my hands over his eyes, made him guess who it was."

"'Will Esther,' he said; and quick as a flash, before I could get away, he turned half-way round, passed his arm about my waist, and kissed me. I tried to break away from him, but he held me fast for an instant, then suddenly released me, whispering: 'I will not hold you again, your will. Do you want to leave me, Esther?'

"I stood still a little way from him, covering my burning face with my hands. He did not seem to much my appearance—only looked at me with his dark, earnest eyes, saying tendantly:

"I am waiting for you, dear. If you love me, come."

"I know then that I did love him. I longed to belong to him, to be with him always. Oh! Louise, there are chequered roads for me to go, but they are the roads that singe me! but I shamed that man! And all the time—oh! Louise, I can't tell you how red I was!"

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"Oh, I had known then when I knew afterward, I should not have done what I did. Louise, I told my mother and brothers; my marriage, and the different friends whom we had both known. And while she talked my old consciousness came back.

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The International Showman.—We always feel grateful to those public opinion citizens who take the lead—either upon themselves or getting up this and other similar shows—admitting us humanitarians to anything that looks like bluster. Not really in doing some, as in that the exhibition—but work was something of a failure. It did not compare with the Montreal Department of the Sanitary Fair. There was a want of pioneerism, effort and variety in the exhibition—and the display as a whole looked meager. Not but that there were many things worth looking at. The "island of tropical plants" was pretty. Some phantom flowers were the first we have ever seen. The grapes, what there were of them, were fine, some measuring, we see it stated, three inches in circumference. The vegetables struck us as only tolerable. The fruits generally were deficient in quantity. Perhaps we are too exacting. But we do not like to see a failure in these exhibitions. And if persons cannot be found prepared to devote the necessary time and trouble and labor to putting up a display which shall be a credit to the city, we think it would be a great deal better to do nothing. In conclusion we thank the Committee for the tickets sent to us, and trust we shall please them better by this honest notice than by words of laudatory praise.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CORNO.

White Chevrons.—*Wag-Tails*—*Schneiders*—*Horned Dogs*—*Birds*—*Flamingos*—*Spangled Accidents*—*Night Accidents*.

While odds roots were everywhere abundant throughout the whole of that extensive Buenos Ayres region known as el Pase del Diario, it was surely indeed that we found fruits of any description—nothing, in any degree better than the wild North American crab-apple, except in the extreme southern portion of the territory; and there, along the banks of the Rio Colorado, in about the parallel of 40° south latitude, we found cherries in abundance, and of finer flavor than I remember to have ever eaten elsewhere.

At the distance of about three leagues from the coast, on the north bank of the Colorado, are the ruins of a fort, and some faint traces of M. Journe's early French settlement—abandoned three hundred years and more, and all over the site of the town and fortifications we found a very forest of cherry trees, laden with delicious fruit of the blanck, Gavotte variety.

This cherry was doubtless introduced, by the French colonists, and since that time they have been scattered in a belt of from three to five leagues in breadth a distance of perhaps ten leagues inland along both sides of the stream.

The Rio Colorado, from a few miles above the site of the old French colony, so far as we traversed its course, possesses the name characteristic as nearly all the other streams of this region—low, grayish, or rather reddish banks, shallow, a firm, even bottom of beautifully variegated pebbles, and a current apparently a great deal too rapid for so level a country.

It was along the upper Colorado that we first saw, and made the acquaintance of a queer sort of bird that no one of us had ever seen anywhere else. Our medical savant called the bird *Rio Colorado*, and perhaps the doctor was right. At all events, Captain Cator, our national commentator, declared that the thing was a Colorado-cue if it was anything.

The bird is about the size of a medium hen-turkey, but has a great deal longer legs and neck, very small wings, so that its flight is rather a prodigious long leap than a proper flight. The head is formed much like that of the turkey, only it is quite double the size, entirely bare of feathers and covered with a hard, rinkled skin of dull lead color. The bill is black, very stout, five to six inches in length, and sharp as a pair of steel dividers. With this weapon the bird seizes its fish prey with astonishing precision, scarcely ever missing its object, and the dart is so instantaneous as to often close the eye. Very frequently when we would declare that the bird had but nodded his head slightly, he would exhibit in his bill a fish that had struck eighteen inches perhaps beneath the surface.

The bird, in color, is of a dull brownish purple on the back and sides; fading into a pale, dirty ash-color underneath and on the breast; the plumage being rather a ragged, coarse down than feathers. The feet are not webbed, but very like those of the turkey, only a great deal larger in proportion to the size of the bird. But it is the tail that is the oddity, and distinguishing characteristic of the queer creature.

This appendage is a long, flat tuft of well, not quite feathers, nor yet entirely down, but more like coarse, stiff hair of a dusky white color; and this tuft, whether the bird is fishing, on the run, or standing entirely at ease, is everlasting on the wag from side to side, as unceasing, and almost as regular as the swing of a clock pendulum. The birds are not numerous, but sometimes there would be perhaps twenty of the oddities all wading and wagging, in sight at once, and the spectacle would be most hideously grotesque.

We soon made the discovery that the queer water-wag-tail, or as Captain Cator persisted in calling him—Colorado-cue, afforded as white, sweet, and delicate flesh as a well-bred spring chicken; and having acquired that knowledge, it was a dangerous practice thereafter for a wagtail to so far forget himself as to remain within range of our rifles. Nevertheless, many of the careless fellows did so, and many a delicious wag-tail pot pie, frittoes and stew, we fabricated along the banks of the Buenos Ayres stream.

CITY GOSSIP.

Mrs. D. P. Brown has been playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets. She has lost none of her old power, and has been very successful. The Walnut, under the management of the business and stage managers, aided by its new and beautiful repairs, has become quite an ornament to Philadelphia.

Mr. EDWIN ADAMS.—has followed the successful production of "Roedde" at the Arch Street Theatre, on Arch above Sixth, by his inimitable delineation of The Serv. Few actors have made such progress in the space of a few short years, as Mr. Adams. His pathos, and true, strong feeling, are stirring and natural.

Miss HILLEN WESTERN has been playing at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Chestnut above Twelfth.

At the Musical Fund Hall, Mr. ARTHUR WAIN has given his farewell and touching "Adieu, adieu!" to America for the present. He goes to London to lecture on the Mormons. We would like to be present at his first appearance before an Old World audience, just to see how the English will receive his peculiar style of wit and humor.

BLIND TOM.—the negro pianist, has been creating quite a sensation in our good old city. He is indeed a remarkable specimen of humanity. Blind from his birth, deficient in every quality that could place him in the category of rational beings, he still possesses to a wonderful degree, that musical talent which is unsurpassed in our country. Blind Tom can play the most difficult pieces after hearing them once, and what is most singular, can remember them afterwards. He does not understand the science of music, his knowledge being confined to a simple recognition of the sharp flats and naturals when played, and which he can readily call by name, no matter how many are sounded at the same time. He will accurately name each note. One of his peculiarities is a decided aversion to ladies. He will not listen to music played by a lady if he can help it. He is about seventeen years old, repulsive in feature, but slender and rather graceful in form. He is restless and odd—when not engaged at the piano, constantly cutting ankles, like a monkey.

Mow Paddy Won his Pottoon.

Paddy Mallone belonged to Capt. M.'s company in a certain Rhode Island regiment. Capt. M. liked an occasional dram himself, and there fore could not consistently deny his men that in which he himself indulged.

One day when Paddy was on guard, he felt "thirsty," and seeing his captain approaching, accompanied by a lady, he resolved to present arms, a salute which he had no right to offer to any one but the officer of the day, or a field officer.

Accordingly, when Capt. M. reached Paddy's post, the latter carried his resolution into effect, when, instantly halting, the officer angrily exclaimed—

"Why do you present arms to me, sir? You know that I am not the officer of the day."

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned Paddy, obsequiously, "it is not to yourself, sir, it's to the fine-looking lady wid ye, abore, that I presented."

Paddy got his whiskey as soon as relieved.

ED.—TROUBLE.—You are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A man is not worth a snap that has not had trouble. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redress you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your sufferings will be only here and there little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

ED.—A CAVE.—A cave, nearly as large as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has recently been discovered about two miles from Fort Riley, California. It was found to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The ceiling, or arch, is fifty feet high, and the water is supposed to be

other locality, my own conclusion is that he is certainly a Cuban tree frog.

It was a great green beetle, quite as long in length, nearer square than round, six prodigious long legs, wings like those of the "Devil's dancing needle," sharp and transparent, and two brown antennae, very stiff, and considerably longer than the wings.

At night, these green jungle-beetles would come out singing, as soon as it was dark, and until midnight or after, there would be an unceasing hum, or rather a sharp, shrill whistle, like the ping of a mile bullet, and during the four or five hours' concert, it would frequently happen that we were obliged to raise our voices to a rather high key to make ourselves understood. It was not less than a million of forty-horned power mosquitoes had been all piping in our ears at once. One of the singularities of the insect was, that the hums all acted in concert, every one of them shutting up his shrill ping at the same instant, and not another sound would there be heard that night.

These singular beetles were as elastic and strong as tough as a bit of gun-shield leather, and this popular quality accounted us less to our M. D. one day, in his examination of a number of specimens which he had caught, he set about acting upon the idea that horn of a bug directly.

The river abounded with fish, of which we had caught several famous fellows with a hook and line, but the doctor's idea was an improvement upon that practice, and it was soon realized. Tying a half dozen or so of his huge bugs to short bits of line, he attached them at short intervals along his long fishing-line, and then made a cast in the river, upon the bank of which our tents were pitched. The experiment was a brilliant success, and in less than a quarter of an hour the doctor had hauled out with his novel "bob" eight or ten as fine ones as ever blessed a anxious pike-catcher's expectations.

Our M. D.'s success inoculated the whole party with the fishing fever, and bobbing for eels with hunting bait became a favorite with us all, for several days and nights, until one singular evening, between sunset and dark, by a singular accident, our fever was suddenly changed into an excessively cold chill, that brought on a total suspension of that kind of amusement for quite a week.

"Eels for supper" suggests some one, and forthwith in went our bobs into a nice, quiet pool some twenty leagues up the river, above the point where the eel bobbing had been inaugurated. In less than five minutes there was a general bite and rapid haul in all round, each one ambitious of landing the first eel.

Mrs. Cator was the victor, and the first victim, but a half dozen or more of us followed in rapid succession, or all at once. I have forgotten which now, if, indeed, I ever knew. Dona Miami drew out a pair of walloping, great fangs, and with an exultant cry, proceeded to unhook them, but in doing so, she unhooked herself most essentially—turning almost a backward somersault in a second, setting up a series of vigorous squeals and going off into a *furioso* that would have dismasted Cuban out of sight. The next instant the doctor took the contagion, and roared and ranted like a crazy bull buffalo. In a wisk it was my turn, then Don Pastor's, then Senora Estelle's, then the salt-water captain's, Senior Augustine's, Monsieur Victor's, Miss Bond's,—in a flash, at least a dozen of us had gone stark mad, and were dancing, yelling, tumbling, and plunging about like so many men and women under the influence of a double-distilled attack of St. Anthony's Danos.

At length the spasms abated, and subduing into soberness, we set about an investigation of the phenomenon. A solution was readily arrived at, and we had a right merry time over the shocking affair. The truth is, we had cast our lines among a nest of copper, or electric eels, and had been severely "hooked in" in attempting to unhook them from our bobs. The lesson taught us caution, and we were cautious thereafter how we came in contact with an electric eel.

That same night, at a late hour, we were startled and surprised again, quite as suddenly as we had been by the conger eels, but it was not ourselves that was the shocked party this time.

Having passed a good ways south of the *quecha* range, and there being no wild animals in the region more formidable than the *ichneumon* to annoy us, we had been for several nights in the habit of dispensing with our sentinel precautions, and had become quite secure.

That night we were suddenly aroused by the dogs barking furiously, and by the time we had laid hold of our arms and fairly got on our feet, we were set upon by a legion, it seemed, of the wild wandering *Bayaderos*, a tribe of savages inhabiting the southern regions of Bueno Ayres territory, and quite as wicked as our Comanches, but nothing near so warlike.

The mischievous rascals had made a grand mistake, as if a small pig was rooting away very gently at one of our pockets, would arouse us in the middle of the night, and at the first motion we would make, in a second there would be a sharp, short cry like that of a young puppy when his ear is severely pinched, then a sudden nip as sharp as the bite of a cat, drawing blood and painlessly for a few minutes, and as quick as thought after the snap, away would dart an *ichneumon*, generally up a tree, before a single dog would get his eyes open. But sometimes one of our fleet-footed English retrievers would stop the depredator, and the result would be a short, severe battle, and an *ichneumon* pot-pie for dinner the next day.

ED.—STRANGERS TO HIM.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about five years of age. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin, and that no doubt the child was sent to Heaven." "Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there!"

In a country school where there were many old scholars and a young lady teacher, she told one of the young men to give the impulsive mood of the verb *love*. He answered, "Love!" and she, to help him along, asked, "Love what?" He immediately exclaimed, "Love you," and jumped as though he had been struck. They said no more about "love" that time, but in a few weeks were married.

ED.—A POPULOUS SUBURB.—A populous suburb of Melbourne, Australia, has been discovered to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The ceiling, or arch, is fifty feet high, and the water is supposed to be

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LADIES IN THE STREET CARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—I am one of those ladies; yesterday being somewhat hurried, I hopped a car which I expected to be full, in spite of the assistance of the conductor and several passengers, that there was "plenty of room."

Now I think that when a lady knowingly enters a full car, it is her duty to stand; and this I chose to do in preference to waiting. Near the door were three quite young and fashionable gentlemen, all wearing the stereotyped look of know-how, which is at that age easier to cultivate than a moustache, and that mysterious air of understanding among themselves which implies that outsiders are some way open to unpleasant comment. I felt annoyed that the necessity of offering me a seat was at present under discussion. Presently one rose, and with supercilious politeness invited me to his place. I declined; assuming my refusal to be more affectionate, he persisted, with a slight exaggeration of manner, exchanging a glance of familiarity with the others. On my farther refusal, the young person set upon a look of chagrined displeasure, and defiantly betook himself to the end of the car, thus putting me in the awkward position of making a scene for strangers' amusement, by standing through the whole journey with an unoccupied seat behind me, or of confirming his assumption that all my previous refusals were affection.

This is one of many instances evincing the same spirit, which I doubt not are experienced by others as well as myself. Now it is an effective and overpowering gentleman, whose gallantry cannot endure that a lady should stand; now it is a misanthrope, who offers his seat with a furtive sneer, and receives your refusal with an open scowl; now it is a dyspeptic looking person, who rises with a sigh, and continues standing with the injured mildness of a donkey that likes to be abused; now it is an urban benefactor who keeps on handing you into his seat, regardless of all resistance, because he knows what is best for you; now it is a fatigued conductor, who dances up and down the car aduring the already jammed crowd to "move up for a lady"; one and all utterly ignoring the fact that the lady has probably a will of her own, and possibly a judgment, and that she has expressed a determination to stand.

A good deal is said about the ungraciousness of ladies in public places, and while I own with sorrow its partial truth, I will take the liberty of making a suggestion or two to the gentlemen. If you cannot refresh your seat in a car to a lady without betraying that you consider it a grievance, do not expect much gratitude in return; she knows that the offer came not from her kindliness, but from a cowardly dread of a public opinion with which you do not agree.

But if you really wish to do a lady this favor, offer your seat respectfully, and when declined, resume it; if the lady meant what she said, she will feel your belief a compliment; if she did not, the lesson will do her good.

ED.—HOW SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one, that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar-loaves are. The large ends are upward. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top, and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

ED.—THE TREATMENT AN OLD BACHELOR RECEIVED AT A FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSE.

At a fashionable boarding-house, the last time he had theague, has cured him not only of single life, but of single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some grain on Monday morning, but he never got till Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him, save the young gentleman who cleaned the knives, and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "missus" would be much obliged if Mr. Skonsieks would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedstead apart.

ED.—THE PACIFIC RAILROAD is extending eastward from the shores of the great ocean from which it receives its name, as fast as enterprise, energy, money, and the combined labor of 2,500 able-bodied men can force it. The road-bed is now being constructed through the mountains of Placer county, California, and the locomotive has already reached a point 45 miles from Sacramento, which is 1,800 feet above the sea. By September 1, the rails will be laid to Illinois.

ED.—About the richest joke of the season is the idea, which has obtained some credence among verdant circles in Europe, that the Government of the United States will assume the railroads' liabilities, and pay off the cotton bonds of Jeff Davis.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[January 1, 1863.]

YOUTH'S FESTIVAL. THE YOUTH'S BUREAU.

Now, he here! While we
silently sing for thee,
They have come to reward!
Hark to the human child
Whom her fond child
Wishes an else hath come!

There art numbered!

Friends and old thy dues,
To thy early tomb;
There thou standest now!
Well may we carry thee;
Yet, from our last and free,
We, too, may thy day see
God's will was best.

Farewell the comes red
Shows on thy narrow bed;
There's none from care I
had when thy fate and doom,
Hope does not cover here,
The great a house were poor,
Night but despair!

But we have none now else;
Thou didst ordain the same;
Thee took it over!
Gold now, and still thy heart;
Gold didst thou bear thy part;
When may we, too, depart
Selling no more?

Great Death hath plied there,
Twas then his bride to be,
Freed thee from pain.
We will the Bridgeman's call:
How may he summon all
Who now surround thy pall
Weeping in vain!

W. R.

MY TRUST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. ANNIE FROST.

"DEAR MARK.—" "I want a partner. Can you come, old friend? The practice is a handsome support for two, and I am the only doctor in the town and driven nearly to death," etc., &c.

This was the momentous sentence in a long letter from my old friend, Tom Chamberlain, that took me from my society practice and dinner-table in the large town of C—— to a home in the smaller one of Lanestown, where dwelt the M. D. mentioned above. From the time when we had shared apples and peanuts together, through school and college; and until the day when his marriage took him from C——, Tom and I had been fast, firm friends. Five years my senior, his peculiarly joyous and youthful spirit had made Tom young enough in heart and nature for congeniality with my juvenile self, even in the apple and peanut days; and as we grew older the difference in age became even less in importance. Twelve years Tom had been a husband when he wrote to me, inheriting from his father-in-law something of the extensive practice to which he referred; but a few short months previous I had received another, black-bordered epistle, telling me he was a widower. I knew something of the agony he suffered, though the letter was brief, and almost cold in expression. Perhaps its very hardness told the story, contrasting as it did with the warm, open tone of all his correspondence. In his future letters he never spoke of her, though most previous ones had sung her praises and that of their only child.

It was late on a bright summer afternoon when the hired coach set me down at Dr. Chamberlain's door, and I crossed the little front garden and ascended the steps of the vine-covered porch. My hand was on the bell handle, when the door opened, and a little girl standing in the open space said:

"You are Dr. Temple, are you not? Papa was very sorry not to meet you at the station, but he was called to the other end of the town. He told me to watch for you and make you feel at home. I am Lisa."

I thanked her, and followed her into the pretty parlor.

"Will you lie down on the sofa, or sit in the big chair by the window?" she questioned, taking my hat and cane. "Jane will see to your trunk, and papa will be home to tea."

"I will sit here," I said, taking the big chair, "and you will sit here, close beside me, and make me feel at home, by telling me all about the town and who are your own friends, will you not?"

She seated herself where I had indicated without any shyness, and after a moment of silence she said:

"I cannot tell you much about Lanestown, for I go out very little, and I have no friends. Shall I tell you about some of papa's sick folks?"

I assented, and while in her grave, unchild-like way she told me of the "poor, dear little baby that had such a terrible fall," and the old blind woman that papa thought was dying, and "the darling little girl going soon to Heaven." I studied the little face.

She was very small, even for ten years old, pale and thoughtful, with intellect written on her broad, white forehead, and the promises of a noble woman's soul looking from her glorious large eyes. Her features were good, her mouth of rare sweetness, but the crowning glory of her face lay in those wondrous brown eyes. Beautiful beyond earliest childhood, her face was smooth and measured far beyond her years. To me it was painful to see her so childlike, and her simple black dress, unadorned by any white, added to the sobering effect.

My first words of privacy that evening when Tom and I sat late in the office were of Lisa. He sighed heavily as he said:

"Her mother was an invalid from the day when this child first lay in her arms, and the little thing was schooled from babyhood to quiet and thoughtfulness. Of course we had a housekeeper when Mary first became too feeble to leave her room, but Lisa was more and more independent from the first. For eight years Mary never left her room; spine disease, as I wrote to you, ending at last in her voice broke, and he walked up and down for a moment in silence, then he said impulsively, "Forgive me, Mark, for troubling my grief upon you so soon, but you cannot guess what her secret is to me. Think our love and happiness the perfect!"

What could I say? Commemorative words were not welcome here. I drew my coat tight before me, and the heat of his hand, a long, close garment. After a moment he said:

"Lisa never speaks of her. I cannot imagine

where the child goes, nor reserves, for Mary was frank and open, and I, a perfect rustic-brain, as you know, by nature. My professional reserve, and gravity are all required, but Lisa is disengaged about the mortal trials. Poor darling!"

Another silence, and then he said:

"Mark, I may as well tell you at once why I have sent for you. Put your coat here, old fellow," and he opened his vest and drew my hand down upon his breast.

A few moments later we stood erect, facing each other. What was in my face I cannot say, but my heart was sick with suspending pain.

"Tom's face was pale, but perfectly composed. "It will beat for a little time yet," he said quietly, laying his hand upon the heart in whose palpitations I had heard his death warrant, "long enough for my patients to become accustomed to you, and for you to learn to love Lisa. You will take my place here, will you not, old friend?"

I bent my head in shame, shaking back a rush of women's tears.

"And I," he continued, a sweet smile playing round his lips, "go to Mary."

Black day brought his routine now of duty, and I occupied my new position, in my heart, and praying that it might be worthy of the confidence that was placed in me. Most of all Tom was this darling of his own and his lost wife's affection, to a cold, unloving guardian would have been torture to him, and he starved his own heart that I might win hers. To me fell the task of walking with the child and striving to gain from her some token that there was still some youthful feeling left in her saddened little heart.

I bent my whole energies to the task. I made her a swing. I taught her to ride a pony Tom bought at my suggestion. I told her funny stories. I bought her fairy tales; and finally I sent to C—— for a piano and began to give her music lessons. I was passionately fond of music myself, and I soon found how much of the expression in the great eyes was hidden genius.

Six months glided away, and often now rose a sweet rippling laugh upon the air; a little light form gaining strength and buoyancy in the open air fitted about the house with airy grace; a new light, sunshiny and bright, came to a pair of brown eyes, and Lisa was a child. A child of wonderful intelligence and thought, but losing gradually the premature sadness and gravity that had pained me at first, and day by day crept forward a new sorrow for this little loving heart.

It was Christmas day, and we had poured out upon our darling a treasure of pretty gifts, seeing with deep happiness her gratitude and delight. Among her father's gifts was a locket containing his own and his wife's miniature facing each other in the exquisite gold case.

Lisa opened this with a gleeful laugh. As her eyes fell upon the pictures the merriment seemed to literally freeze upon her lips. She grew white and still instantaneously, her eyes fastened upon her mother's face.

"Lisa!" it was her father's voice that broke the spell. For a moment her lip quivered, and her frame shook; but with a control of impulse, to break into convulsive weeping, and turned her pale face to the loving eyes resting upon her.

He sat down, drawing her little figure close in his arms.

"My darling," he said in a low, impressive tone, "if your dear mother had gone away on a long journey to a beautiful country where she was very happy, and sent for me to join her, could you let me go?"

"Without me?" burst from the white, shivering lips.

"Yes, little one, me alone?"

"Oh, papa, don't! don't! You will not go!" He grew so pallid that I almost thought he would leave her then, but after a moment he said—

"God's will must be our will, Lisa. He has been very good to me that He has let me know it in time to teach my little girl submission to what must come. Lisa here, darling, and listen to what papa wishes you to do, when he goes to mamma."

In a sort of stunned silence, awed by his still composed voice, she let her head droop down upon his shoulder, and listened.

"Dr. Temple has come here from C——, to take my place to you, Lisa. I ask you to give him the love and duty you would have given me; and above all, I implore you, do not let my death make you too sad. Think of me as very happy with your mother, waiting for you, and you cannot grieve. Keep on with all your studies—above all, your music. And try, my child, to feel glad thinking of your parents together. And you," he added, turning to me, "will you accept for life, the trust I give you. Will you take in very truth her father's place to my darling—letting no other love cause you to forget her; watching her happiness and peace even above your own?"

Touched to the heart, I bent down and kissed the little pale face.

"Heaven deal with me as I am true to my trust!"

From my innocent soul I said the words, and then went from the room, leaving the father and child alone together.

Two short weeks later, we found him in his bed-room chair, cold and dead, with a smile upon his lips, and his face turned to his wife's portrait.

Seven long years passed away, bringing to our quiet home no other change, save that from a grave sweet child Lisa had developed into a beautiful woman—a woman full of noble, pure impulses, quiet and dignified always, yet under her calm exterior carrying a warm heart, loving and tender, and a soul full of the inspirations of genius. A rare musician, a close student, and a poet born, she seemed set apart from her sex in every pursuit and feeling.

Perhaps the circumstances of her life fostered these peculiarities. Her old housekeepers, who had ruled all household matters during Mrs. Chamberlain's life, had never resigned one iota of her authority, and Lisa was as ignorant of the composition of a pudding or the mysteries of household economy as any maid. Her manners were spent in study; in the afternoon she walked, rode, or drove; and the evening was given up to music and conversation. She made no friends in the town; and I had gradually lost my connection there due out too. I was indeed pained by the death of a wealthy relative some two years after I came home, and Tom had left Lisa a handsome legacy. So I had seen two new physicians within three years, and my very nose, with profound melancholy; and they kept up a grimacing procedure which the new comes showed no desire to repeat from me.

Lisa never speaks of her. I cannot imagine

Seven years of closest intercourse with Lisa had not been spent without finding Tom's charge to me. I had learned to love Lisa. Not entirely with the entire care of her appointed education and her parent's friend, but with the whole force and power of a heart unbroken before, and won now by daily, almost hourly, instruction.

The wonderful power of her influence unbeknown before me in her interview with me on my pupil, charmed me, and drew forth all my admiration; her smile charmed me, and her simple goodness drew my heart close into her keeping.

I was to her a guardian, her father's friend,

I, with the pain of years of illness greeting all my heart, listened, sympathized, and gave my attention to an old woman. Why not? All the world spoke well of Hubert Walswright. He was a lawyer, strong in his profession, of ample means, with a spotless character, an ardent lover, and a devoted one. I, with Tom's voice ringing in my heart, gave him a fitting approval of her choice, and from my heart prayed a prayer of blessing for her; and then went quietly home, to wrangle with my own anguish.

For three months all went smoothly. Lisa became a perfect sunshine in its unvarying happiness; the spring in her step, and the rich fountain of love and content in her heart overflowed.

In the winter Mrs. Gordon carried her away to C—— again, while I remained at Lanestown and devoted every hour to the study of surgery previous to applying for a commission as surgeon in the army.

In the spring my darling came back to me, having her head down on my breast, she said:

"I will not go to C—— again. There is no place like home, no friend like Mark. We will stay here—shall we not, dear guardian?"

"Then I told her my love, and she answered me:

"You know all! If you will take this heart that carries a dead love, but is full of warm affection for you, knowing that the first fervent romance is over, it is yours. I will be your true, faithful wife, Mark."

It was hard to go away after this, but she had known all my plans, and would allow no change in them. No, after two months of most precious love and trust, nothing to me of perfect happiness, I left her, appointed regimental surgeon of the 104th —— Volk. I am not writing a history of the war, so I spare my readers the details of my life as an army surgeon. Above all, mine bring such scenes home to us. My letters from Lisa were frequent, long and affectionate, and I wrote whenever an opportunity could be seized.

Winter came upon us, and the last day of the year found me covered with blood, weary and sick working for the wounded as they poured into our tents after the battle of Murfreesboro. The short rest and sleep, I started out for the day's duty among the wounded. The battle-field was a large barn, into which many of the most desperate cases had been carried; it was here that I had been ordered to assist my over-worked brethren in their task of alleviating the sufferings of our poor boys, sword, shell and bullet could inflict.

I had been some hours busy, when turning to a new patient, a familiar face lay before me, with the gray hue of death already creeping over it. In another moment I was kneeling beside Leon Curtis.

His lips wreathed in a faint smile as he saw me.

"Almost over," he gasped.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I asked. "Have you no message, no token to send to any one?"

"Tell mother I fall fighting," he said; "and, Mark, ask Lisa to forgive me."

"For what?"

"I destroyed her letters and Hubert's; I stole her engagement ring, found it in her glove, and showed it to him as her gift to me."

"Villain!" I cried.

"Yes, and it was of no use after all, for she refused me. Set it all straight; will you, Mark?"

I motioned some one else to my place, and left him. For my life I could not have answered him then. My day's trials were only beginning, however. As I passed down the barn, picking my way that no rude touch should come, a groan as it fell upon some shattered limb, I met Dr. Lewis, an old friend, and one who had been with me in many scenes like the one before us.

"Mark," he said, taking my hand, "I was looking for you to aid me in an operation. An office is lying in a farm-house just beyond here, on this same farm, I believe, and to be of use we must go at once. Everybody is busy here, and, at any rate, it is you I want."

"And Mark," she continued, "I have lost my engagement ring. It was while we were at Boston, the week before Leon went home for a fortnight. You remember, do you not? The ring was always too large, but Hubert thought it could not be altered without taking out one of the diamonds. I must have drawn it off with my glove. Oh! Mark, if we could only go home, away from all this gayety!"

"Do you really wish it?" I asked.

"From my very heart," she said eagerly. So, in spite of her aunt's protestations and Leon's despair, I took her to Lanestown, and we settled down to the monotonous routine of early days. But the old peace would not come back. Lisa was restless and unhappy, and books and music had lost their attraction for her. As soon as we were settled, I went to C—— and found that Captain Walswright had gone to the front again with the 40th Volunteers. I wrote to him, pleasantly and kindly, telling him of our regret at not seeing him during his visit home, and giving him Leon's present address. In answer, I received the following note:

"It is evident that Miss Chamberlain has not confided to you her faithlessness. The proofs were before me while I was at C——, and I now assure you, as she has convinced me, that all engagement between us is over forever. It is useless to write me again; I have now a staff appointment, and no letter directed to the 40th will reach me."

I gave Lisa the letter.

"What can he mean?" she said pitifully. "My faithlessness, when every pulse of my heart beat for him! Is he false, Mark?" she added a moment later. "True friends—we will forget him, as we wished." And she tore the letter to atoms, and then came Lisa a tired child to rest her head on my shoulder, and let me stroke her hair and soothe her by quiet caresses.

"My darling! She tried to forget, but it was wrong. My heart to see how pale and wan she became, and how sick her poor tortured heart grew under its pressure of pain. Then I remembered how I had won her when a child, to forget her first heavy sorrow, and with only her poor peace for my hope of recovery, I tried once more to win her from grief.

One little episode here. We had been at home nearly three weeks, when Mrs. Gordon and Leon came to visit us. Again Leon removed all his love-life way, and after a month of unmitigated weeping, laid his heart at Lisa's feet, to take it back after her first, gentle rejection of the offering. He left us, but Mrs. Gordon remained to reward for a new winter of weeping.

The summer passed very quietly, and slowly.

"Tell me all!" And I told him. With my own honest crushed treachery, his confession, and his death, and I finished my painful tale.

"There, in the hope now for your own life, in your own interest. After days of silent weeping, and yet tender, was in her wavy hair and action; and if I had loved her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

He smiled broadly. "I have no wife, I say?" "I will try it" and then with Lila's name upon his lip he sank into the first refreshing sleep that had visited his eyelid since he was carried from the battle-field.

It was still a close struggle for Edith, and I dared not rouse a hope in Lila's heart to wrench it back again; but gradually the gaping wound healed up, the strength returned to the weakened frame, and at last I dared write my story to Lila.

It was summer, however, he was able to travel and go to her, having resigned his commission, with but little hope of recovering it. Quiet and kindred care were necessary for his life, and those with him would give him.

Lila met him at G——, and they were married from Mrs. Grindell's.

I was not able to be present at the wedding, and I have never seen them since; but it will not be long before I return to C—— to watch with the calm, true affection of her guardian, the happiness I read in Lila Wadsworth's letter. When in a future life I meet her father, I can with a pure conscience give an account of My Trust.

KEPT SACRED.

"I cannot find the place again,
The old marsh is gone;
I cannot read where we left off."

We two alone;
And so I lay the book aside,
For ever done.

II.

All done the story is for me,
So tired grown, and sad;
Begun only yesterday,—
Then I was glad.

For two were reading side by side,—
Child charm it had.

III.

And for the sake of that child charm,
Within a secret drawer
I keep it out of sight, now read
One stanza more;

Yet guard it stored for the rest
That went before.

L.

EDITH BOLTON;
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES OF HOSPITAL LIFE."

It may seem strange I can note such unimportant things in the midst of such keen suffering, but the intensity with which I watched the white face before me, dreading lest he should be disturbed, seemed to burn the words into my brain, and now they come out as part of the dreadful whole.

A slight stir. Albert lifts his hand, and I moisten his lips with water; his eyes feebly unclosed, and I hold my breath in intense anxiety, but they close more close without any sign of recognition, and the labored breathing continues. But now I have an added object in my watch, and will not turn my gaze for an instant from his face, lest those eyes should once more open, and I should miss their glance. A step around me, and Dr. Graham is at my side, with more pity, it seems to me, in his face than before.

"He has not roused?"

I mentioned how much, adding:

"Favorable or unfavorable? Is it sleep or stupor?"

"Have you had any nourishment, Mrs. Pembroke?" was his only answer.

"Have I? You mean, has he?"

"No! I mean, have you had your dinner?"

You cannot go through the night without something to support you."

"Not yet," said I. "My niece always brings it to me when Mr. Pembroke is confined to his room. I suppose it is scarcely time."

He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then said kindly:

"Your anxiety has made you unconscious of the lapse of time. Look here!" And raising the curtain of my window, he pointed to the sun sinking in a flood of golden glory, to its rest. I felt bewildered and confused; everything seemed so strange, and I put my hand to my head, as though to steady my thoughts and collect my ideas.

"Do not be alarmed," said he. "It is all perfectly natural. I noticed the exhaustion in your face, and feared exactly what I see has happened; but you know a nurse must keep up her strength."

"But Edith—tell me—what—where?"

"Your niece! Shall I send her to you? I will tell one of the servants that you want her."

"But why has she not been here? Where is she? Oh! doctor, do not tell me I have anything more to bear."

"Mrs. Pembroke, you are allowing yourself to get into a nervous state, which will unfit you for your duties, and this without any cause. Your niece has, in all probability, heard my order that the strictest quiet was to be preserved, and avoided coming to your door. I will send her to you at once, but must beg to repeat that your husband's life may depend, humanly speaking, on your calmness."

He left the room, and a numbness seemed to creep over me—an indefinable dread—a vague horror of I know not what. I tried to assure myself that I was fully—only my present nervousness—and that Edith would come in an instant, to tell me that it was, as the doctor had said, she had decided to disturb her uncle. And yet when had Edith ever kept away from me when I was in trouble?

A gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Mervyn has brought me a cup of tea, and with it the sympathy of the house, and kind offers from the gentlemen of assistance.

"I just heard Mr. Herbert," said she, "as I passed, begging the doctor to get your permission to let him sit up with Mr. Pembroke tonight, and I have come to say that my husband and my son are both anxious to do the same."

"But Edith—" said I, without noticing her kind offer.

"Mrs. Bolton is with you, is she not?" said she, in much surprise. "I thought you did

up of tea, hoping you would let me sit with you, while she went down to the tea-table."

"I have not seen her all day, Mrs. Mervyn. She is ill, I know. Oh! go to her room, and let me know the woman."

Mrs. Mervyn looked much alarmed, and hurried up stairs to Edith's room, which was in the next story.

I hastily overaltered the tea, which she had brought me, convinced that something terrible was yet before me, and that my strength and endurance were to be further taxed. With a silent prayer for salvation to whatever was yet to come, I once more seated myself by that dear bed-side, which alone keeps me from troubling my darling child. "To wait at such times to count the moments by the hands of a clock; each second grows like an hour, and hours can tell, but those who have passed through such trials, the amount of agony which can be borne into a seemingly insatiable atom of time. Mrs. Mervyn did not return, but Dr. Graham did, and I read his face instantly.

"Tell me the truth, the whole truth," said I very quietly.

"You need not fear; my husband is in my first consciousness, and I shall be calm—only in memory and this suspense."

"God only can do that, my dear Mrs. Pembroke," said he solemnly, reading himself by my side. "I have made every possible inquiry, and cannot find that any one has seen your niece since she started with the others this morning, for the mine."

"Did not return? Do you mean she did not come back? Lost in the mine? I must go to her. Oh! let me go to her—my child, my darling Edith!" said I, with a convulsive sob, though no tears came.

Dr. Graham said nothing, but turning, fixed his eyes upon the bed, and the motion recalled me to myself. I was called upon to endure—not to baffle, to fold my hands, and suffer in silence, but it seemed to me a very slight increase of tension, and the life-string must snap.

"Listen to me, Mrs. Pembroke, and try to believe what I say. Everything that is in mortal power will be done to rescue your niece, who has probably missed her way in the mine, having become in some way separated from her party. A band of gentlemen are now getting ready to start, and search the mine, and we must hope that they will be successful. The only, or rather the greatest danger is, from the length of time which has elapsed before she was missed."

"Oh! why do they not start? This instant—this very instant! What do they wait for?"

"They are waiting for the return of a young man. I do not know who he is, who dashed off as soon as he heard it, without his hat, to some cottage in the mountain, where I understood he was in the habit of going. He said: 'Tell Mrs. Pembroke she must be there, and I will bring her back.'

I shook my head sadly.

"Frederic Herbert!—too late! too late!"

"You must not give up hope. I confess I think it much more probable that she has lost her way in the mine. But could you see the interest expressed for her down stairs, and the eagerness to seek her, you would realize that nothing more could be done were you on the spot yourself."

A hurried knock at the door—the doctor springing to open it.

"Mrs. Pembroke! Let me see her—let me speak to her for one instant."

I went forward instantly, knowing too well the voice, even before I caught the agonized voice, even before I caught the agonized

of Frederic Herbert.

"Is she dead?" said I hoarsely.

"God forbid!" said he in a broken voice.

"But she is not at the cottage. They are starting for the mine, and I have come for your permission to seek her with them. I feel that my neglect has killed her. Only say that you forgive me. I have forfeited every right to help her, I know. But oh how willingly would I give my life for hers at this moment. As you hope for heaven, give me your pardon and your permission to go."

"Go, Frederic, go. This is no moment to cherish hard feeling. God grant that you may bring my darling back to me."

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FACTS & THEORIES.

"Give me a pistol and powder," says Ambrose, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and undiluted drugs," says Medlock, of the old time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned friends were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their heads on, either to move the world or to cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery and all the adjuncts of magic. Stones and charms against the effects of "evil eye, &c., &c."

But these latter days have brought us something more than even exasperation and its own development in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what one theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a spring-glass, far, it to move the world. Let me ancient Medicus pant and toll, no more for the drags he so surely feels, for we have them at our hand, ever ready to serve them of his back.

Reigned in the laboratory of Dr. Maggioli, the most materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Billows, Dyspepsia, and Disease. His acid, purified, and his Salve operates with magic effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think Maggioli's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggioli's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.*

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Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HAYER'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

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GREAT OAK FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW.—The worst diseases known to the human race, from cancer so small as to almost defy detection, to malignant forms so large that all the tables and shelves of the medical fraternities only go to prove and disprove these facts.

Then guard yourself, while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tall-tale and indicator of disease. It may fad and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vital organs. Maggioli's Billows, Dyspepsia, and Disease. Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggioli's Salve is invaluable. Sold by J. Maggioli, 63 Fulton street, New York, and all Maggioli's for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Quinsy or inflammation of the ear is very prevalent during the Spring and Fall of the year. Persons who have immediate recourse to these medicines on the first symptoms of attack, and thus not only save time but even dispense with the advice or attendance of a physician. Colds produced by the rapid and frequent changes of the atmosphere during this season are speedily cured by the pills. These remedies help the body against the inclemencies of the winter.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cts, 25 cts. and \$1 per box or pot.

G. & S. CRYSTAL D. P. \$20.

A year can be realized gilding and putting up the Crystal Disk Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools, and Instructions cost \$2. L. L. TODD & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. FRANK N. GIBSON to Miss E. JENNIE PATRICK, both of this city.

On the 8th, by the Rev. A. Marshak, Mr. JOSEPH BIRCH to Miss MARY J. PAYTRE, both of Germantown.

On the 11th of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN BURK to Miss MARY COOPER, both of this city.

On the 12th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Calvert, Miss ALICE QUIGLEY to Miss EMILY E. ACHUFF, both of this city.

On the 13th of Sept., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM J. NEILL to Miss EMMA BELZIC, daughter of John Belzic, both of this city.

On the 14th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. ABRAHAM S. WALKER to Miss HANNAH FLETCHER, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, Josephine Stevens, Esq., to Miss MARGARET J. KYLE, both of this city.

On the 18th of Sept., by the Rev. Mr. Durig, Mr. JAMES T. YOUNG to Miss MARGARET J. KYLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Sept., MATTHEW HASTINGS, in his 51st year.

On the 26th of Sept., Jane M. GRAHAM, widow of the late Capt. Wesley Graham, aged 47 years.

On the 26th of Sept., Mrs. MARY, wife of Edward Galligher, aged 29 years.

On the 26th of Sept., CORNELIUS LEVY, in his 22d year.

On the 25th of Sept., CHARLES NOFFAL, in his 44th year.

On the 24th of Sept., SAMUEL J. SMITH, son of Mrs. Sarah Green, in his 26th year.

On the 24th of Sept., JOHN M. PATTON, in his 22d year.

On the 24th of Sept., JOSEPH HALL, formerly of Williamson, Pa., in his 75th year.

On the 24th of Sept., Mrs. SARAH LOWRENTZ, in her 72d year.

On the 24th of Sept., Miss MARY RICHARDS, in her 20th year.

On the 24th of Sept., SULAN M. YORKS, aged 43 years.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH, Established in 1850. Family Dry Goods Store. FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS. CLOTHES OF ALL KINDS. DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE. MEN AND BOYS' WEAR. BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c. marshall

New and Superior Collection of Gties, THE EXCELSIOR GLEE BOOK.

A Collection of the Best Gties, Choruses, and Operatic Gems. For Mixed Voices, comprising the better portion of the popular "Chorus Works." Every piece a standard composition. Neatly and handsomely bound in boards. Price only \$1. Postpaid, on receipt of price.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

LIES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I love thee for thy eloquence, for the grace of thy person,
Which thou hast in thine aspect the charming
taste to wear.
Oh, what a grace that ornaments make thy poll
look like,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with hooks
at either end!

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy
flowers that deck,
The blue blossoms that adorn thy pencil-powdered nose,
And all that sweet "flannel" that, o'er thy
cheeks spread,
Improve the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the peacock and the grace about
thee bound,
Like native that in mind doth a lobster's tail
seem removed.
And oh, I love thee for the boots thin ankles
that protect,
So proper to the many style young ladies now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for
right I see,
The clothes-frame of a draper's shop inside all
that dress be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface
know,
The picture 'tis I value, not the canvas hid below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity and
pride;
But, oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be
my bride.
So dear a wife as thou couldst prove, to marry
then, also!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be
what am I!—Punch.

Didn't Like the Swindle.

The following story of ex-Governor Grimes is vouchcd for by one who knew him well.—The legislature had just convened at the capital of Iowa. Gov. Grimes had arrived the night before, and taken rooms at a certain hotel—at least so a young aspirant for office from a distant portion of the state ascertained as he drove up and alighted from his carriage at the steps of that public house. The hostler threw out his trunk, and the landlord conducted him to his room, leaving the trunk in the bar-room. Wishing his trunk, the young man demanded to have it brought up, and seeing a man passing through the lower hall, whom he took to be the porter, he gave his commands in an imperious and lofty tone. The order was obeyed; and the man charging a quarter of a dollar for his services, a marked quarter, that was good for only twenty cents, was slipped slyly into his hand, and was put into his pocket by the man with a smile.

"And now, Sirrah!" cried the new arrival, "you know Gov. Grimes?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview at his earliest convenience."

A peculiar look flashed from the man's blue eyes, and with a smile, extending his hand, he said,

"I am Gov. Grimes, at your service, sir."

"You—I—that is, my dear sir, I beg—a thousand pardons!"

"None needed at all, sir," replied Gov. Grimes.

"I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited for the office specified. But, sir, any man who would swindle a working-man out of a paltry five cents would defraud the public treasury had be an opportunity. Good-evening, sir!"

AWKWARD OMNION.—Paris gossip gets off a rich joke on the distinguished Frenchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during the conversation said, "I shall be happy to present you with my Two Sisters," meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied that "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

THE IRISH SAILOR AND THE CAPTAIN'S COPPER KETTLE.—Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor allowed the captain's copper kettle to slip from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good-humored man, said, addressing him, "Would you say that a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?" "Of course not," was the captain's reply. "Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the sea."

THE GONE-UP BARBERS.—A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecular embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "note":—"On dissolution of co-partnership heretofore existing twist me and Mose Jones to do barber perfusion, am heretofore received. Persons who owe must pay to do Barber. Done what do firm one must call on Jones, as do firm is involved."

THAT'S A GOOD 'UN.—Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow, who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things) these words: 'Parades, year 1, Adam.'

SOMETHING THAT'S LAST Dose or Bloom.—"General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are certain 'particulars' about the first drop." "We have too many of that style of persons now-a-days."

RAPPORT AND WINE BOTTLES.—"I like to review things more in a while," said an old toper, who was found at an early hour in the morning, sitting beside a fire; "I like to review things in a while—I sit at a bureau all night, and now I am sitting on a set-back."

"Well, Major, it's about your money and it's estimated pounds more than you expected."

SCHOOL DRAWINGS.

MICHIGAN PUPIL'S DRAWING.



OUT OF SEASON.

The fact is, Flitrobbins is supposed to be at Saratoga, and Braggles has given out he was off to Newport. Under these circumstances, it was awkward to meet suddenly at the corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, about the first of August.

A DOCTOR was summoned to a cottage at Harwood, in England, and found a boy in need of his services.

"Show your tongue," said the doctor.

"My good boy, let me see your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"Talk English, doctor," said the mother, and then turning to her son, said: "Hopen thy gobber, and push out thy loller."

The mouth flew open and the doctor was terribly "taken in."

A CELEBRATED quack, while holding forth on a stage of Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want, and then addressing his merry Andrew:

"Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?"

"No, faith, sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

A THREE months Cochin China rooster, in New Bedford, had a mortal combat with a full-grown rat a day or two since. The fight was well contested on both sides, and after a continuance of thirty-five minutes ended in the rooster crowing over a dead rat.

RATHER DISCOURAGING.—A Pike's Peaker writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much disengaged in that region; they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

THE EUREKA TOMATO.

I have found it—or rather I should say I have built, improved, nursed, educated, perfected it, until I believe I have achieved a fairer, and in some respects, a much better *tomato* than any other, either in or out of the market.

The changing of the lazy lie-down tomato vine into the stout stand-up-alone, stocky shrub, or bush, I had for sometime believed a possibility, and three years of consecutive coaxing, nursing, pinching and pruning, has proved my theory correct. I have got just such a tomato as I determined to have, and every one else ought to have. Its perfections are—it is finer fleshed than any other I have seen, is more solid, contains fewer seeds, the skin peals off readily when the fruit is ripe, without scalding, and the tomatoes are uniformly round, smooth and handsome, without crevices and skins like almost all the large red tomatoes generally grown.

The plant grows into a low, stocky bush, requiring no support, with dark green curled foliage, among which the fruit hangs singly, and pendant like apples. I believe the fruit ripens about ten days earlier than any other sort I know of.

Having thus educated my pet until he is able to stand up alone, I propose to send him out into the world to make friends, by his merit. Having given the youth a good character, I am going to do what further I can for him in this way—

I will prepare and leave for distribution at the office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, provided my Lady Commander and the publishers consent, so many of the seeds as my limited crop will afford, of which a few, enough at any rate to begin with, shall be sent to every subscriber to THE POST who shall send a post-paid directed envelope for that purpose. The distribution to be gratuitous, and continue until the stock shall be exhausted.

MY PLAN of growing the plants early, has been to scoop out a good large turnip to a shell, say half an inch thick, fill the cavity with rich soil, adding about a tablespoonful of fine salt to the soil in each shell, mixing the material thoroughly, and planting two or three tomato seeds in each turnip shell as early as the first of March, place the prepared shells in a box of fine sandy loam, burying the turnips to within an inch or less of the top, and set the box near the stove in the kitchen, where it will be exposed to a pretty even temperature, and water with soft, tepid water about twice a week. Every warm, sunny day set the box out for the benefit of the young plants, and as soon as all danger from frost is past, plant out the turnips with the tomato plants in them where you intend them to grow. Leave only the strongest plant in each shell, plant them three feet apart in good, rich soil, cultivate thoroughly, keep all weeds killed off, and you will have early tomatoes, very good ones, and plenty of them.

—C. C. COOPER.

THE RAY STORY.—The Greenfield Gazette is responsible for the following out story:—A family in South Greenfield, Mass., lost some diamonds on the bottom of an iron pan in which they had baked a Johnny-cake the night previous, in the battery, one of the cold nights last winter, which the rats attempted to eat, but the frost on the iron froze their tongues to the pan, so that they could not release them, and they were caught the next morning.

"**MAN ON THE TRAIL OF A DEER.**" as the title and what he stopped on one of the female street-sweepers.

AGRICULTURAL.

Opposite's Column.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SAVING HOME POTATOES.

To the almost criminal carelessness, or rather mistaken close-fistedness of our farmers, may be attributed the very frequent unsatisfactory produce of our potato-fields.

If any one of our farmers anywhere were to go into the practice of sowing out for seed his most inferior grains, or the very meanness, diminutive, feeble stalks among his stock from which to perpetuate their kind—why, the whole community would call the man a fool or a lunatic, and the charge would be just.

But the practice of pursuing exactly this course in regard to seed potatoes, is as common as are the potatoes grown from such seed, and nobody seems to regard it as especially poor philosophy. People seem to think that a potato ought to perform impossibilities under difficulties such as vegetable never encountered before in this world. And it does sometimes, but not so often but that we hear frequent complaints that we do not raise so large potatoes, nor so many in a hill, nor nearly so many to the acre, nor anything like as good ones as we used to do in old times.

What wonder is it if we should not? Just mark the management of seven-tenths of all our potato growers anywhere within reach of a market.

First he picks over and selects for the market all the first-class potatoes. Then there is another overhauling, and the second best goes to his own table. The refuse—unsatisfactory odds and ends—black shot and bullet size, are reserved for pigs and planting. And then the unreasonable farmer failing to obtain a maximum yield of first-rate potatoes from such a source, grows at blight, bugs, wet weather, drought, and everything else he can think of except his precious self, as the cause of failure.

Now, if farmers would make it a rule to select for seed digging, the very best and biggest potatoes of the crop, keep them carefully until planting time comes round, and then stow upon them just such care and culture as farmers used to give their potatoes in those "old times" so often referred to, there would be just such crops, and unquestionably as good potatoes as we ever got from the ground. The thing is worth thinking about—very probably worth trying.

DOCTORD APPLES ORCHARDS.

Perhaps there is no necessity beyond our own carelessness for so many of our older and middle-aged fruit trees—particularly the apple going fruitless as they do, or bearing so shy that all their produce does not a twentieth part pay the loss the encumbrance of the tree itself is to its owner.

Such trees in all cases require doctoring—some nursing, and thoroughly removeling. Now, or from now till sharp, freezing weather sets in, is the time to attend to the master.

Pough among the apple trees whenever leisure affords the opportunity, and dig with a hoe, close up to the trees where the plough cannot be made available. Dig up, turn over, disintegrate—expose inner surfaces to sun and storm, and sharp frosty nights; and just in proportion to our ploughing and digging, shall we disturb and destroy millions more or less of eggs, alia, larva, grubs, bugs and beetles, that another year would, if let alone, produce some pest imminent to the health and prosperity of the trees; for after all that has been sold and written upon the subject, the great magazine from whence issue the fruit plunderers, is the earth in the near neighborhood of the trees, and from one to seven or eight inches below the surface.

But as a great many eggs and nits are deposited in cracks and crevices of the rough bark, along the trunk of the tree, it is essential to apply the scraper vigorously, scraping off all loose, rough surfaces and moss, and then wash the trunks well with a solution of potash in the proportion of a pound to each gallon of water, adding a pint of coal oil to a gallon of the solution. Two applications of such a wash, well laid on and scrubbed in with a white-wash brush, ought to exterminate all the pest deposits on the trunks of the tree.

Before cold, freezing weather comes on, a mulching of half-rotted barnyard litter, saturated with a weak solution of sulphuric acid so mild that it tastes severely sour, but does not bite the tongue, ought to be applied to the surface all about the tree to the distance of eight to ten feet in each direction.

By pursuing this treatment, and thinning out next March, if it has not already been done, all decayed, gnawed, unwholesome branches, the chances are that the weather being propitious next spring, we shall further soon have satisfactory returns from trees that for years have been worse than useless. At anyrate, the experiment is worth a fair trial.

IMPROVING THE QUINCE.—To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it—it will be a better color; put your fruit in a quart of milk; in a few minutes strain it; add three yolks of eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar; set it on the fire, and reduce it to half, then strain it again. When cold, serve it.

TO MAKE THE THREE WITCHES.—A mixture of honey with the poison charcoal will prove an admirable salve.

BOILED PLUMES.—1½ pints milk warmed, 4 lb. sugar, 4 lb. butter, and 1 nutmeg; grate a sprig of cloves, over night with four pints of water; strain off, and you will have only scum, very good ones, and plenty of them.

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is in what flows from trees when they are cut down.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a part of our body.

My 6, 10, 2, 9, is a delicious fruit.

My 2, 7, is a process.

My 8, 2, 10, is also a process.

My 9, 2, 6, 10, is a Master's implement.

My whole is one whose name is predominant in history.

W. T. FORTNER.

Elvira.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[October 14, 1882.]

STANHAR.

VERSE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

"To the fallen now of Time,
And the world is sick with crime,
With agony and tears,
Struggling with a mighty rush
Up a steep and rugged bough
In the long wall of years,
Hearing, discerning, that an Eden has
Hidden somewhere yonder from mortal eyes.
What is left to us from those
Dead and buried centuries?
To share no more fruit divine,
No more grapes, drop long ago
By the lone boughs of woe,
From which aged feet tread wine?
Doubt, O doubt! often in every case,
This is the rare vintage of Experience.

We may know by marks of gold
Every comes where thought has rolled;
Days, prophetic voices rise
From the depths of graves unknown,
And Aionic lights are shown
On those inheritance skies,
Whose symbols from Time's faithful memory
Whence the ages past figure the age to be.
Not much longer shall the thrones
Of tyrants sit; human groans;
From her divine decree
Shake the past; the future stands,
Hope's bright anchor in her hands,
A nobler shape of destiny;
Slowly the dawn streaked up the eastern sky,
And all the winged white hours unto the zenith
Sey.

Gertie Ray's Awakening.

VERSE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"I'm so tired, Cousin Grace!"
Gertie came and seated herself on the carpet at my feet, with her pure face uplifted pleadingly to mine.

"Tired of what, Gertie?" I asked, wondering seriously what there could be in her bird-like way of taking life to live one.

"Of waiting for something to do in the world. You who are always busy—of course you do not sympathize with people who get time to be miserable. Now I am perfectlyretched, and I don't think you even know it."

I opened my eyes very wide, for truly I did not know that this smiling, dainty little lady had found a deeper sorrow in the seventeenth year she had been the petted lamb of the household than the loss of a canary. She did not like it that I should seem surprised.

"Now don't look wonder-stricken! You working-people do take everything so terribly in earnest! I suppose you wouldn't know what I mean if I told you that I am beginning to grow nervous and restless with this happy life of mine. It is too full of sunshine. It separates me from other people, and I feel lonely. I want something to do that will absorb all the will and energy in me as poor work does. I want to earn my rest, and enjoy it as you do. In fact I think I need to be awakened from this dreamy, comfortable happiness which came out of the cradle with me. Perhaps a little trouble would be good for me—make a better woman of me."

"Be still, Gertie Ray!" I commanded. "I will not hear you talk like that. I do understand you, and there was a time in my life when I was as foolish as you are to-day. When my time of awakening came it was so sudden and startling that I was more like one stunned than awakened. Every human life has somewhere such a shock, I think. Be thankful every day of your life that yours has not come yet!"

"Oh, Grace, what a croaking old owl you are—not this spray of buds sweet, pretty—look at me, now!"

She had flitted from me, and stood before the mirror fastening a little branch of moss resuscitate in her brown curl. She had broken them from my pot window-plant just as if I had not counted them over and over, and waited for their opening with longing eyes. Everything in our great house belonged to Gertie just as all the out-door bloom belongs to the butterflies and birds. She turned suddenly around, and said in her quaint, childlike way:

"Look at me, Cousin Grace. Tell me that I am pretty—please."

She did not look like one who is approaching a great life-awakening. And yet, in my heart, I felt that her words meant something. What was this stirring and flitting of her young soul—was her pure, glad childhood taking flight, and would this baby-queen, this royal pot of ours be like all other women? Would she build a temple, high and holy, to an ideal of stay, sit pale and sorrowful among the rains when it falls; as other women do? She was pure and sweet, and very lovely. Would she stand before me, some day when the roses were dead, unopened, and white and patient? God knew.

"Why don't you smile, Grace? You don't think I'm very pretty, do you? You don't care for roses?" she pouted.

"A gentleman down stairs to see you, Miss Gertie."

"Who is he, Madge?" she asked, curiously. "He did not send his name. He said that he came from Col. Ray."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

I do not know why it should have been so, but my heart gave a great throb, and stood still. I thought I was getting nervous, too. I was out of patience with myself, for I had frightened Gertie by turning pale; she came and leaned upon my arm.

"What is it, Grace? Do you think papa is sick—or dead?"

"Oh, no, not dead, Gertie. The telegraph brings all the bad news. I will go down with you to meet this bear of a good tidings."

We found a gentleman standing in the parlor, before a fine old painting, that was Col. Ray's pride among all his pictures. His arms were folded across broad chest, and his head was turned slightly from us, revealing a profile of fine features, and a broad, white forehead, covered with short, brown curly hair. He turned at our entrance, and his dark eyes, lighted with a slightly benevolent expression, as they met Gertie's smiling, eager face. She had forgotten the remorse in her hair, and her blue eyes were full of tears. I had never seen her countenance so genuinely lovely as it was then. That nose had remained open; looking in them once you would

have trusted him without asking ought that belonged to his past.

"My father—what is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

He smiled, a rare, pleasant smile that strengthened my sinking heart; and I thought his voice corresponded with those strange, nervous, smiling eyes.

"You have been excited—alarmed, I am afraid, Miss Ray. The colonel was wounded at Vickberg—very slightly—and now, that he is able to enjoy it, he thinks that he needs his daughter to read and sing to him, and help him get well. I have a letter from him which will explain his plan."

Again that smile, and I noted the peculiar expression that settled over his face when it passed. It was like the closing together of the clouds after a gleam of sunshine breaks out in a stormy day. It was not sadness; it seemed too holy for that; it was the quiet, patient look that comes over the face of a life-long sufferer, who has given up hope long ago, and only waits for the end.

While Gertie read the letter I brought refreshments, and learned that Col. Ray had planned for them to come on to Washington immediately. Gertie came back with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, yet looking very happy.

"A postscript for you, Cousin Grace," she said, demurely.

I took the letter, and read—"You need not fear to trust our little girl to Dr. Clayton's care. He has saved my life, and if Gertie can learn to love him we will reward his nobly, oh, Grade!"

It was like the colonel, and a joke, of course, that postscript. But somehow I could not help feeling that Gertrude's merry life was coming near its awakening to sober earnest. They left me on the afternoon train, and I went back to my work and waited. The big house seemed still and lonely without Gertrude; but then, as she had said, I was always busy.

Her first letter was brief; they had arrived safely, and found her father as well as they had expected; nothing more.

A week later she wrote that the wound had assumed a dangerous appearance, and the colonel was still with fever. Dr. Clayton was with him day and night, devoted almost exclusively to him. He was not a regular hospital physician; only a private gentleman, who devoted his professional service to the sick and wounded soldiers out of pure benevolence, receiving no compensation but the gratitude and blessings of the poor fellows he nursed to life, as it often seemed. "It is his mission, he says. I suspect he has had his awakening."

Ah! Gertie had found time to study that out, amid all her new duties and trials. The next letter came after three weeks' waiting. The colonel was better; but he had been saved as by fire.

Dr. Clayton was himself worn down with watching, and almost ill. Gertie was well; they had been very careful of her strength; and never so happy. She did not know how well. I would know what that meant. "Oh, Grade," the letter went on, "I can never tell you how much we owe to Philip Clayton. A whole lifetime would not be long enough to repay his kindness to us. That dreadful day when they left papa upon the field, Philip found him and brought him away; and he has been with him through all the danger since. It is very singular that all the people in this place call him by his Christian name; but I have fallen into the habit now, and it just seems natural."

After this Gertie's letters were eloquent with Philip Clayton's warm praises. He was perfect in her eyes. I think that she grew to feel as the soldiers did, a tender reverence for the man who ministered with a woman's devotion to them all. Colonel Ray did not get well so fast as they had hoped. He was too old now, to recover rapidly from such a shock, and they decided to come home. "Pall comes with us, of course," Gertie wrote in her blind confidence of the future. Gertie's awakening was very near now that she had ceased to long for it.

I had everything prepared for their arrival, and there was still a day to wait before I could expect them. The last evening which I was to spend alone, brought the postman unexpectedly to the door. There was a letter directed in Gertrude's handwriting, and I went to my room to read it.

"Dear Cousin Grace," she commenced, "do you remember that day when you told me how your life awakening came so suddenly that you seemed to yourself to be stunned? My hour has come, and I think I must be feeling as you did, or I could not write calmly to you. Have you thought, dear Grade, in these months of watching by my father's side, that I was learning to love the noble, tender man who shared my care? I confess it to you, now that it is all over. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to own how I have loved him; but it seems so sad and holy, that I do not feel it shame. I think that you must have known, for my heart has always laid bare before your loving eyes. We are coming home, as I told you, and I want this letter to reach you before I do, and then this subject need never be mentioned between us again. How shall I begin this story, which I do not yet realize myself? In my last I said to you, 'Phil comes with us, of course.' That was a decision of papa's and mine, without consulting Dr. Clayton himself. This morning I found papa looking ill and very grave. He told me that he was feeling worse, much worse; but I repiled cheerfully that he would soon be well, when we were once home. 'Do you know that I am to lose my physician to-day, Gertie?' he asked, looking steadily in my face. 'What do you mean, papa?' I asked. 'That Dr. Clayton will bid us good-bye this afternoon. He is going to find somebody who needs him more than we do.' 'And who needs him more than we?' 'I do not know,' he answered, gloomily, and then, looking into my eyes very seriously, he added, 'can you change his purpose, little one?' My heart was full of sadness and singing birds, all day. I could keep him with us always. I would never let him go. I was glad that I was young and beautiful, for I could keep him. I knew that he was going away because he loved me; this lofty man in his knobby. I could bid him stay; after all he had done for us, it would not be hard to say to him, 'Our mother's here to love lonely; stay with us always there.' I said all this over softly to myself continually, and yet I trembled when late in the day I heard his step on the stairs, at my door. I went to meet him, and I saw that his step was noticeably; and when I reached my hand to him, he pushed into the chair beyond the door, and covered his eyes with his hand. 'Promise me, Miss Ray, I believe I am exalted; I have come to say good-bye.' He was trembling heavily, like one in a nightmare. 'And I will not hear you say good-bye. Papa

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UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

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"Is he fiddle?" asked Pauline, "I thought he at least was Ned!"

Her voice trembled me. Could it be that this girl's heart was really interested in Ned? I never even thought so. So I grew yet more definitely sensitive, and then watched to see if she were羞羞答答地 looking at him, or meeting him. She was not, in my estimation. When we started for home, I took my place at her side again, unheeding Ned's gloomy look. It was now pleasant work to me, except that consciousness I was slightly interested in some new phase of Pauline's character. Not a character so redundant, so warm, so yielding, was not to my taste. I admire a character. I like a nature simple and pure, to which one may find pleasure to worship at.

Mr. Periman, with earnest hospitality, urged the company to remain at his house for supper, and for a comfortable evening afterwards. They all consented. The evening was agreeable enough, with lively scenes of conversation, brilliant repartees, sparkles of wit, and a universal mingling of manners such as is usual. Finally music was proposed, and a lady was led to the piano. She played fairly. I was standing by Miss Periman at the time, and she was telling me about a sonata of Beethoven, when I became aware that the music had ceased, that some one had called Pauline home to sing, and that Ned was disengaging himself from a group, as if to take her to the piano. I had no wrought up my mind to anticipate him on every possible occasion, that I did so now instinctively, though it was ridiculous to fear a proposal on the way to a piano! She sang a little song about a bird, I believe, the refrain was:

"Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart!"

And Pauline let her blue eyes wander sensibly around on all the faces within range. Poor but tardy! she was very happy that evening; her red lips were constantly wreathed in smile, and after she had finished her song, her hands still wandered dreamily over the keys.

"*La bella Roma* surprises herself," said a voice at my elbow, and turning I saw Lieut. Brandon, a wild young fellow, whose eyes shone strangely at night, and whom I had seen Pauline greet with the utmost cordiality upon her neck.

"She is the rich point lace about her neck," he added; "what a pity there should be that rent in it! But that's *la bella Roma*, so magnificently about her that has not a flaw!"

"Ah, have you found it so?" I asked, carelessly.

"I'm but one among many!" he said with a defiant recklessness. "She was engaged to me once for ten days, then sent me adrift. You're smitten, too, I see. I give you ten days, and then the infatuation will be over."

I looked at Pauline with greater score than ever, while she rose at last slowly, and swept her rich silk away from the piano. She glanced at me as she did so to see if I would follow, but I did not, for Ned stopped me.

"Dane," he said, threateningly, "keep out of my way for half an hour. I want an explanation with Pauline."

"Ned," I asserted, "she does not care for you!" and I snapped my fingers.

"Prove it," he demanded.

What insanity possessed me? What fiend put the thought into my brain?

"I will," I said, "just step into the library and I'll cover myself behind the curtains. You shall hear in a few minutes what will satisfy you."

Half mad with jealousy and impatience, he did so, my Ned! who never played eaves-dropper before in his life. And I presently invited Miss Rome to promenade. We soon found our way into the library, and as she sank luxuriously down upon a velvet fauteuil, I stood with folded arms rather nervously preparing for the denouement. But Pauline took the initiative.

"This is a rare moonless night," she said— "so rich and dark. I like it. It is a night for love-making. I think I could say yes to any one who had the grace to choose such an hour for the asking."

"That is a tempting statement."

"Indeed!" she said, with a conscious look in her eyes.

"Pauline," I asked gravely, "do you love any one?"

"And if I do?" she said mockingly, "or if I do not, what is that to you?"

"Do you love me?" I asked again.

I never can forgive myself that question! A wild light flamed up in her eyes.

"Rather do you love me?" she demanded.

The curtain shook behind us as I hesitated.

"I love you!" I said desperately, and thought to myself how many men the wide world over had uttered that same falsehood before me, but I had never dreamed I should be one of them. But it was the crisis of my stratum—now or never should I succeed and save Ned.

She caught my hand to her lips and kissed it. Soft clinging touch—soft, clinging, passionate kiss! And I, who did not love her, stood there passive. The words I had spoken forbade retreat. Then she looked up in my face, her passionate eyes sought mine.

"Do you know what it means?" she said, "when a woman can hold your hand thus? Ah! I hope you never knew before! It means that she loves you—loves you. Do you comprehend?"

As I comprehended and was stunned by the revelation. It was not exactly like the professed firing I had anticipated.

"We must not stay here," I said in confusion.

"No—they will notice too much. I do not want them prying into my happiness. I love you, Dane! How sweet and sudden it is!"

I felt abject, and beside myself. I muttered something, I know not what, but she went on in implicit confidence:

"Do not let us tell any one yet. They would wonder so, they could not understand. Ah! I see you know nothing about such matters! Let me manage it," she said archly.

So we returned to the parlor, and Pauline, leaving me, went and stood quietly by Mr. Periman. She was my Pauline now—that was strange to think of.

Ned was nowhere to be seen. Elizabeth Periman sat at the piano playing. That was music indeed! It swept one soul away in an ecstasy. I felt as if meeting the likes of some grand old cathedral with "the glorious light." For a moment I forgot Pauline and my despondency. I realized how brave and victorious a man may be in this life-best of ours. And Miss Periman who set so calmly playing, the realized it too, I know. A girl who had lived within her which could not understand me, might be pardoned for being cold and unfeeling compared to the other world, as it seemed to me, and takes up against her Ned, like the impulsive freezing of the leaves upon a road of stone and silent rock.

I vowed to watch her face, so still, so proud, and yet as I could detect, with much impetuousness hidden there. I felt a great respect and admiration of her growing up in my heart, still, she played on, and wandered off into an exquisite audience of Spectre's. At last end she rose, and quietly reciting the accomplishments of those who crowded about her, moved away to mingle with the rest of the company.

Some one was talking loosely about games and recreations, and mentioned anchor as the treasure of the whole. Sunny, golden amber he called it.

Miss Periman was interested.

"But *anchorions*," she said, "is it so richly stained, that it is dark red or even almost black?"

The gentleman politely differed.

"True amber is gold-color," he insisted. "Is any one here the lucky possessor of amber?" he asked, looking round.

Two or three morschausen with dainty mouth pieces were produced. They were indeed golden.

"Ah, if you could see the bracelet I have seen!" exclaimed Miss Periman, "all thrashed and valued with red and black; that was indeed the wealth of centuries of treasurie! But I only saw it once, and that when a child."

"Oh, it was a myth!" said the gentleman, lightly.

But from my pocket I produced the wonderful bracelet found in boyhood, which I had put there that very morning, carelessly intending to interest Mr. Periman in the history thereof.

"Is this the myth?" I asked, in jest.

Miss Periman beat curiously to examine it.

"It is the same!" she said, with surprise.

Pauline, whom I had quite forgotten, sprang to my side, her indolent blue eyes wide open now, and ablaze with excitement.

"Give it to me!" she exclaimed, clutching at the baubles. "Guardian, see, is it not my mother's?"

And searching for some hidden spring, the heart-shaped carbuncle lifted, and disclosed beneath, an innocent little baby-face, rarely beautiful.

"Ah, it is mine, it is mine! the pure little face!" she said; and then the tears rushing to her eyes, she murmured, "oh, mother, dear, if you had lived, I might be now more like that pure little face!"

Every one was touched.

"The bracelet is yours, by right," I said; "keep it now, Pauline."

"And to think, Dane, that you should have found it!"

Here Mr. Periman interposed; and while all were straying round to see, he led me away to the library, which to me was so hateful a room. And there, with a grave, sad face, he inquired of all I could remember about that night of terror. Then he told me how Pauline's mother had one night disappeared from her home, and never came to it again; how no reason could be given, though some suspected there had been harsh treatment from her husband; but he allowed it to be understood that she had eloped from him; and their child was simply told that she was dead. So a cloud of doubt and darkness had shrouded poor Mrs. Rome's name; till now it was never mentioned.

"She was like Pauline," he said, with a sigh,

"beautiful, slight, erratic! Misplaced love wrecked her name and fame. Heaven grant it may not sooth Pauline. Poor Pauline! She will hardly win a really noble man's love—and yet such a love, generous and unquestioning, would be a great salvation to her."

Such a love I had deprived her of! But the child of a defaulter and of a suicide, with all their faults in her, latent or manifest, was not the bride for my Ned! And I had saved him. I knew the spell was forever broken when he heard those words in the library.

We went back to the company. Lieutenant Brandon sought me out.

"I see you are entrapped still," he said, "but tell me—*is La bella Roma* ever sent you so winsome a billet as this?"

And he laid a much soiled note in my hands. Thoughtlessly I read it.

"She was like Pauline," he said, with a sigh, "beautiful, slight, erratic! Misplaced love wrecked her name and fame. Heaven grant it may not sooth Pauline. Poor Pauline! She will hardly win a really noble man's love—and yet such a love, generous and unquestioning, would be a great salvation to her."

Such a love I had deprived her of! But the child of a defaulter and of a suicide, with all their faults in her, latent or manifest, was not the bride for my Ned!

I stood at the low window looking in at her.

There she sat, lavishly lovely as always, with the rhododendron flush in her cheeks, and the brooding light in her eyes. Some scarlet geranium blossoms lay fading in her lap.

"Pauline!" I said.

She started, saw me, and sprang to me, treading the geraniums down upon the floor, and twining her arms about me, said:

"Ah! mio sposo promesso! I have been dreaming you would come!"

I hated the touch of the clinging arms. I put her from me gently, and looking around, saw a grave surprise settling down upon Miss Periman's face. She turned immediately to leave the spot, while Pauline, seeing her, called out:

"There, now, Elizabeth, you know our little secret. Pray, don't publish it."

"Pauline," I said, "let us go into the library, where we can be alone. I have something very important to say to you."

"And so have I, too, something very important to say to you," she answered gayly, leading the way. "Ah! happy seat!" she murmured as she sank down again upon the velvet fauteuil.

"I took a chair beside her.

"Pauline!" I began.

"No, let me speak first," she interrupted.

"I have so much to say. Ah! please let me speak first! You must give up to me because I am the lady and you are the lover."

"I will give up to you because you are the lady," I said.

"How cold and stern you are to me! But, Dane, I believe it is the very reason why I love you. Cold and stern and true, you will be a rock of defence to me."

"What did you have to say, Pauline?"

"This! and this!" she caught my hands with her face, and bowed her head down over them. "There, Dane, let me stay so just a little while, while I talk to you. I cannot look at your eyes just yet—not till I have finished."

I had to look down on the graceful head with curls like vine-tendrils. I could see a little corner of her cheek, which flushed a deeper pink at the wrist.

"Dane, I want to tell you all about myself. I think you understand me pretty well. I have seen it in your face: but yet I want to feel that I have been perfectly honest with you, because you have given me the greatest gift of your love. I have not been a true and noble woman, Dane. I learned worldliness so early. And my mother, dead, could not keep me safe. Was it not hard to be left all alone, Dane?"

"No, Dane!" he said, "it can never be the same with us again. Do you want me to apologize you on winning the prize I have lost?"

"I cannot blame you for loving her—you could not help that; but was it fair to deserve me, and nail the marsh on me on, when I loved her best, and trusted you?"

CHAPTER IV.

I had saved Ned! The next thing was to save myself! That I had not thought of—and there was a difference in the difficulty. There was no fascination to struggle against; the question was, how far a nice sense of honor would bind me to this girl. There had been no such acquaintance or friendship between us, as could make her at all deeply attached to me. It seemed to me that with her knowledge of the world, and her experience in the affairs of the heart, that she would be the last one to trust much to my sudden declaration of love the evening before. I had intended it to be so. I felt sure it was so. But I did not like to think that I was about to give her cause to esteem me yet more low than I esteemed her! I had meant to be so irreproachable in life, so noble in aim and action; and if ever I loved, to love right royally. And now this stain on my honor! Oh, Ned, for your welfare I paid a terrible price.

"And Ned! How did he look upon all this?"

"He looked upon the stain with a smile,

So that was the way he took it! Then I said, lightly, to a-tot him.

"Happens I did not mean what I said, Ned—and only told her so that you might see the effect and know she did not care for you?"

He sprung up sharply when he heard that, but immediately commenced blushing.

"No, Dane," he said, softly, "do not try to tell it so. You have been engaged, but have not that you care could be. If any man were to tell of Pauline's heart in the way you have, though he were a thousand times my friend, I should hate him forever! Pauline should I should call him?"

Time would teach Ned to view his companion differently, I thought. As present I only asked,

"At least, you know now she does not care for you?"

"Of course I know it!" he said, bitterly. "Is any one here the lucky possessor of amber?" he asked, looking round.

Two or three morschausen with dainty mouth pieces were produced. They were indeed golden.

"Ah, if you could see the bracelet I have seen!" exclaimed Miss Periman, "all thrashed and valued with red and black; that was indeed the wealth of centuries of treasurie! But I only saw it once, and that when a child."

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On the 2d of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, John H. Hurst, of this city, to FANNIE H. BILLS, of Cincinnati.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS HELLMAN to Miss LIZZIE HAGUE, both of this city.

On the 2d of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Calhoun, Mr. GRANT W. WHITE to Miss SARAH A. HASTY, both of this city.

On the 11th of Sept., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., HENRY POINDEXTER, Esq., of Abbeville, Department Seige, France, to Miss EUGENIE DEPIERRE, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. J. H. KENNEDY, Mr. T. T. THOMSON to Miss ANNIE CRAVEN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. Joel R. JAMES to Miss CLARA E. LINCOLN, both of Fieldsboro, N. J.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE D. MUNNOCK, aged 73 years.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL H. FIGHTER, in his 80th year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARGARET CUMMING, in her 80th year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE W. NEWTON, in his 30th year.

On the 2d instant, JOHN BEARDSLEY, late of Co. I, Fifth P. V. Cavalry.

On the 2d instant, Miss MARTHA S. BLAIR, in her 30th year.

On the 1st instant, GEORGE F. BENCKERT, a member of 7th reg't, Hancock's Corps, Co. A, aged 22.

On the 1st instant, CATHERINE HALL, in her 80th year.

On the 30th of Sept., JAMES MEADOWS, in his 37th year.

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 200 times, mounted by Dr. G. B. TURNER.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE WAY TO START A HAIRCUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bob Dingle, hairy bruiser, you, we have been at the Girard ever since the Girard has been an open institution—indeed Bob has been a veteran of the establishment; that is to say, he is an inmate inside, outside, or anywhere about the Girard, who is not familiar with the speech of Bob's mate, or the rat-tat of his pistol, nor square dancing, it is known said inmate has not been at the Girard long enough—not Bob.

Opposite Bob Dingle was standing on that end of the balcony next the entrance to the Girard, fidgeting furiously in his note book, and muttering to himself loud enough for several fellow Girard inmates to hear him:

"Nine from thirty-seven, twenty-six. Three thousand two hundred and forty-eighteen dollars are one hundred and four. Yes, I guess I can afford to get it. I'll put in proper shape, my way. No harm done."

"Hullo, Dingle, what's the disconnection?" interrupted lawyer H., "communicating a premium that you've here, another new dress suit, etc.?"

"No, not quite," interrupted Bob in turn. "I was going to offer a wager of a game supper and a basket of champagne with any gentleman present that I'll start off up the street at foot on the low allow, any one of that line of hounds, without saying a word to the driver or moving from this balcony."

"Good—I'll take that wager," said lawyer H. "And I'll put in Jim E." "And I!" echoed Jim T.

"Agreed gentlemen. Contribute. Make up the \$100 among you. That'll cover the cloth for six of us, I reckon. And then ten extra for the drivers, you know. Go in—here are my 'greenies.'"

"Bob laid \$110 in the hands of Col. H., and looked quietly confident. The pile was covered by the confederate, and Bob said:

"Now, gentlemen, designate the back that is to start."

B. named the last vehicle in the line down street, and the confederate acquiesced.

"Very well. All right, gentlemen."

Bob Dingle drew a card from his case, wrote on the back of it with his pencil, "Mike Flannigan, ran up to 1007 Chestnut street. Drive like John, H. D."

Bob looked over the balcony, and beckoned to a little blacking imp down under foot, dropped into his fist the card, with a fifty cent fractional fee, said, "Mike Flannigan." Blackie snooted, and in ten seconds Mike Flannigan's back was whirling away up Chestnut street like a crazy omnibus driving in fast to a big fire.

The confederate looked cold. Col. H. quietly passed over the stakes to Bob, who paid Mike Flannigan \$10, pocketed \$10, and paid for the game supper and the champagne with the balance.

SELLING AN AUCTIONEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our handsome, gentlemanly, genial Major Frank M.—of course Frank is only commissioned an auctioneer, and is no more a Major militarily than he is Frank M. baptismally; but just bring up the handiest hammer handle in this city of Philadelphia, wherever you meet the man, and say to him—"Forty dollars advanced on forty thousand"—and if he don't say—"Going—good—gentlemen—come into the St. James," we beg his pardon. He is not the St. Frank M. we mean.

The other day George W., whose smooth, round, jolly face every one who has been six times to the post office and three on change, remembers as well as they do *Dewey's*, went driving into Frank's office all business, and sung out:

"Look a-here, old fellow, can you accommodate me with a small advance on a choice invoice of fancy dry goods that I want to get off my hands?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, certainly. But, thunder! I never knew that you had figured a cent in the dry goods line."

"Yes, a trifla, Frank. Been dabbling a trifla in that way these two years. Got stuck with a fancy lot, I'm afraid—forty thousand dollars' worth. Want you to get the invoice off for me at best rates. Shall I send round enough to cover the advance?"

"Pshaw—no. What the mischief are you talking about? I—much do you want?"

"Oh, not much—forty dollars will serve my purpose to-day."

"Forty dollars. Why, George, you're crazy, man. Here—call it \$4,000."

"No I wog, Frank. I don't want it. Give me the \$40, and to-morrow I'll drive the goods round, and take the \$4,000, if you happen to have it convenient."

George went out with the forty dollars, and on the following day, punctual to appointment, he walked into Frank's office, and up to that gentleman's desk with the lovely, accomplished, and fascinating Mrs. W. on his arm.

"There, old fellow," said George, as grave as an owl, "there's the choicest invoice of fancy dry goods in this city, I know. Has cost me forty thousand dollars—and is worth fifty per cent above that figure as the market is."

George got several severe cuffs from his better half, and Frank, finding himself successively cold, proposed a compromise.

"I may yet unconsciously sharper, keep this bill to yourself, and the forty dollars to buy one of those 'Emperors' for Madam W."

George promised; but there was some one else in hearing that didn't, and Frank M. is an everyday sufferer from that dry goods tell.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—A gentleman saw a notice of valuable information sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents, and thought that he must have ten cents' worth more of knowledge. He sent his dime and received in answer the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, etc., please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are interested in a little, therefore my advice is, when you see a little, always write to me."

When necessary legislation vote in favor of a bill which I favor, to get money in their pockets, it cannot be denied that "there is no investment in their eyes."



AUNT ISABEL.—"Beatrix, will you have some bread-and-butter?"
BEATRICE.—"No!"
AUNT ISABEL.—"Is that the way to answer? No what?"
BEATRICE.—"No bread-and-butter!"

HOUSE-CLEANING.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;

Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,

And spiders wore their webs secure from fear,

But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top;

The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms; those quiet rooms, the house but now presented

Whereto we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?

Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,

With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs, and pails, and brooms;

Chairs, tables, stands are standing round at sixes and sevens,

While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,

The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;

But still the master had escaped—the table piled with books,

Pens, ink, and paper, all about, peace in its very looks—

Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,

And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink, and pens.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must of nights,

To find all things are "set to rights" that they have "set to rights!"

When the sound of driving tasks is heard, though the house is far from still,

And the carpet woman on the stairs, that harbinger of ill—

He looks for papers, books, or bills, that all were there before,

And signs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuse afire,

And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;

He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,

With gloves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;

He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,

So holds his tongue and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

"I MOURN for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to General Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

A RINGULAR echo is said to reverberate around a great many petroleum wells. It says, "Bil-yo-unen!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BUILDING HOUS.

We built three hogs a few years ago, that when completed, very greatly astonished our gulf states neighbors for a considerable distance on every side of us.

Our nearest neighbor, Dr. S. S. Phillips, a first-class farmer for that latitude, had a litter of ten pigs, six weeks old, from a pure Chester county sow and an imported Berkshire boar, and the day that the pigs were six weeks old, the doctor said to us:

"I am going to raise three of these pigs to make hogs of. Then I shall make you a present, of the three best hogs—we will have them until a year from next Christmas, and let us see who will make the most pork. They say, yes. You can do best all nature in making hogs."

So the selections were made; that was in September; the doctor publishing his pigs late in October. And from that day till the day of their birth, they were continually kept up, and

A student who was declaiming vigorously, and, as he doubtlessly believed, eloquently, on "The Languages of Man," burst forth with, "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and—" But here his tutor stopped him, and satirically requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to. Whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, at once replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as *dog-nation*, *cattish*, *oxology*, *poochianism*, *duo-tilty*, *hors-pieced*, *oygne*, *owfowl*, *pigment*, *ass-toid*, and *ruthlessness*."

"WHAT capital snacks those Gloucester fishermen have to go to sea in," exclaimed an appreciative gentleman, who had been "looking the thing over." "Yes," replied his companion, "but they're not to be compared to the oysters they get on their return home!"

RECIPES.

Original.

VERY FIRE FOR FEATHERS.

Now is the time to begin to look after your last year's feathers. Never throw away a five-dollar or fifty-cent plume just because it happens to be faded and dingy and dirty. If it is not frayed and ragged, and has its backbone broken, you can easily and cheaply bring it back to all its pristine beauty.

Discolve, say, fifteen grains sulphite of soda, and two ounces of alum, in a quart of boiling hot water; give the plume a bath of five minutes or so in the solution; then swing it gently to and fro with its top and hanging down, and when it is nearly dry, hold it for three, four or five minutes, as it may require, in the fumes of burning sulphur, pretty close to the flame, taking care not to scorch it.

One such preparation will renovate a dozen soiled and draggled plumes, if not too far gone.

VERY FIRE RUST.

One pint milk; boil it, and pour it on a teacupful of flour. Take 10 oz. white sugar; stir this into the milk; weigh 4 oz. butter and 2 of lard; now add one teaspoon of yeast, (if the milk is not yet too hot,) and the butter and lard; make a soft dough. Do this at noon. In the evening it will be light. Knead it over, and set in a cool place till morning. Now roll the dough upon the pie-board, and cut it into small oaks. Let them stand till very light before baking.

H. H.

TOMATO SOY.

One peck tomatoes, 1 cup salt, 2 tablespoonsful ground cloves, 2 do. cinnamon, 1 do. black pepper, 4 onions, and 3 ripe peppers chopped fine. Boil 4 hours, and after it is cooled add 1 quart vinegar. Put it up in wide-mouthed bottles, sealed.

PRACHES.

Quarter of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Make a syrup, and when boiling, drop in the fruit. Let them boil up, then put them in hot jars, made so by boiling them in water. Seal while hot.

CROQUETTES.

Chop to a paste as much real ham as you have. Put a little onion, chopped very fine; add bread, or cracker crumbs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, parsley, sweet marjoram, and sweet basil. Make a little thickened milk, or water, with a few spoonfuls of flour; mix it into the paste of meat, &c.; then make it out into little shapes, (a jelly-glass is a good mould); dip it in the yolk of an egg, roll in the crumbs, and fry in lard.

MARMALADE.

Half-pound flour, half-pound sugar, half-pound butter, the whites of eight eggs, one-eighth pound almonds, blanched and split, quarter-pound citron. Get a little cochineal from the confectioners, (as that from the druggists will impart a purplish hue to the cake.) Directions: Cream together the butter and four; add the eggs, beaten, then the sugar; then beat all together until it is extremely light. Color one-third of the batter; put into a mould half of the remaining white batter, then a layer of citron and almonds; then put in the pink batter, and another layer of citron and almonds; finally, put in the rest of the white batter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Selected.

A VERY NICE PUDDING.—Soak over night six or seven broken soda crackers in one quart of milk. In the morning add 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons of molasses, brown sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg to the taste; when ready for the oven, put on the top bits of butter; this will greatly improve the crust. This may be greatly improved by adding fruit.

OAT CAKE.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as it is possible to do it, into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to hold together, then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle for a very short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

PARSNIPS.—Put the roots into a large quantity of water; let them boil until the meat will leave the bone; then take them out, skin the oil carefully off, put the parsnips on again in a smaller vessel, and boil it till it is of a suitable consistency to spread on milk (say the thickness of molasses) with a brush.

FON COLOANE SAUCE.—Wax Rm.—Dip the nose into a boiling solution of 1 oz. alum in 1 pint water. Dry it. Make solution of 1 oz. c. chisel, 2 oz. cream tartar, one tablespoonful spirits of turpentine to 1 tumbler water. Dip in the nose, wring, and dry in the shade.

COLD CHOCOLATE.—Take ½ oz. white wax, 1 oz. of spermaceti, and 2 oz. of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused; then gradually add 5 oz. raw water, older water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for tea. A. M. M.

CRYSTALLIZED CHOCOLATE.—On a plate dissolve in 1 pint water. Put in the glass when the water is cool enough to bear the hand; watch it, and take it out when the crystals are large as you wish; dry them on paper. If you like, however, get a few powdered points and sprinkles over, directly it comes from the water; heat slightly when it becomes cold.

M. V. R.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, July 23d:—74 rods, 10 feet, 8 inches.—M. Stevans, same date:—1,06153 feet—G. B.

Eva's, same date, is impossible of solution.—J. M. Greenwood. Author's answer is:—A should have 27½ A.; B should have 63½ A.

S. Horace G.'s answer to his Problem, July 29th:—19 sq. feet, 24 sq. inches.

To Morgan Stevens, same date:—1,32 of the globe can be seen by the squirrel, and the distance from point to point is 2,1455 feet.—J. M. Greenwood. The squirrel will see an area of 14.35 square feet, he—same as above.—M. H.

To M. Van Buren's, same date:—24,782 gal.—M. Stevens. 31.58 gal.—M. V. R.

Answer to Question proposed July 26th, by J. M. G., requesting the definition